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Providence, Sept. 21, 1870.

Dear Wife:

Thanks for your letter just received. I am glad to get any particulars about home and home affairs; and hope your ride yesterday afternoon proved a pleasurable one.

I presume the Mrs. Garrison who called upon you is the wife of William Garrison, who claimed to be my ~~nephew~~ cousin, who called upon us many years ago, and who gave me the pictures of West India scenery hanging up in our sleeping room.

I have nothing favorable to report in regard to myself. Yesterday my head felt heavy and confused, and remains so. Trusting to have a little sleep during the night, I took one of Dr. Dunham's powders for that purpose at 4 P. M., another at 7, and another at 10, and went to bed, (having omitted Dr. Dow's treatment,) but,

strange to say, in view of the somnolent effect produced by the first powder, no sleep came to my eyes, nor slumber to my eyelids, and the night proved one of the most exhausting I have had. This forenoon I have been able to doze a little; but, beautiful as the weather is, I am as spiritless as a wet rag. Dr. Dow came last evening, and manipulated my head with his hands, extracting some of the pain and heat therefrom.

I think I shall return home on Friday or Saturday afternoon. I wish [redacted] to send me a check for fifty dollars, or the money, that I may be on the safe side in paying the Dr's bill, which is probably at the rate of two or three dollars a day. But I do not deem it worth while to remain longer, with no better results.

Charlotte and Mrs. Pearson reciprocate your regards. Henry has gone to Dighton.

Your loving Husband

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